

The Catholic Record

"Christianus mihi nomen est Catholicus vero Cognomen."—(Christian is my Name, but Catholic my Surname)—St. Pacian, 4th Century.

VOLUME XXXIII.

LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, MARCH 4, 1911

1689

The Dead Shepherd
There lies the stricken shepherd, but
Here hath been no scattering of the
sheep,
Scarcely seemeth one astray within the
fold,
So quietly they weep;
He whom they loved so weary was and
old,
They would not mar his sleep.
Wild grief that grovels on the new-
turned sod
And shrieks its mutinous despair at
God,
Were here of use as unlit;
Still, as he old, the happy flock shall
feed
In the same peaceful, pleasant-watered
mead.
And the same sky shall smile on it,
For he the shepherd's Lord, who took
The light from that beloved face
And from the aged hands the crook,
Will set another in his place.
So, not for his bare shepherdhood,
However saintly, great and good,
Of not that alone,
Do now the stricken sheep
Their sad-eyed vigil keep
And the lone lambs make moan,
But for two simpler things that blessed
And comforted from long;
The playful heart of youth within his
breast,
The voice more sweet than song,
These most the days to come will bring
For fond remembering,
For the glad earth and sky
Of the glad earth and sky
Shall the great flocks decry,
To speak of him and still to live and
bless,
For the small crimson sunsets be the
warm,
Deep heart of love he gave to all,
And for his tears the summer storm
Shall all its power in him recall,
For then the winds among the hills,
The silver laughter of the rills,
Shall body forth his honeyed voice,
Not here alone a memory,
But eloquent with hope
Wherein they shall rejoice!
So, though the shepherd stricken is, be-
hold!
There hath been wrought no scattering
Of the sheep
Scarcely seemeth one astray within the
fold,
So quietly they weep;
He whom they loved so weary was and
old,
They would not mar his sleep.

Truth has ceased to be objective; only that which is truth which percolates through the disordered brain of a college professor.

Whence are the forces of socialism and anarchy gathering save from the colleges and universities. It is the Russian student—and sometimes we are disposed to forgive him for the tyranny he faces—that always lead the mob; the Barcelona rioters are led by the university students. The opera-house government of Portugal is made up of a handful of college professors and socialists, dreaming from poisoned drugs. Italy is overrun with college men, preaching socialism and anarchy; the throne endures by sufferance, because it shields from the decency of the world the rottenness which threatens. France is frankly socialist—the French reach logical conclusions quickly—and the extreme socialist of to-day is sobered by the possession of authority to-morrow and seeks to hold back the rising tide.

The German universities are the hotbeds of infidelity and socialism is rampant throughout the Empire.

And at the feet of the German professors, our young men are learning the science of "blasting the rock" in the philosophical, moral and religious anarchy.

Only the other day we had the encouraging sight of a Columbia College professor being found in Ferris school, Boyesen joining hands with Emma Gold, man and the silk-stocking Stokes will plant bombs in the hearts of children; later, the anarchists will scourge New York. The bomb is an argument that refuses refutation.

But was the learned and observant Chief Justice mistaken? Was his bulwark against socialism and anarchy a painted fiction to tickle college vanity and lull the multitude by the voice of conservatism?

Chief Justice White was talking to the graduates and students of a Catholic college. There is the difference. There is no confusion in a Catholic training. It does not rest on the guess of the latest professor; it is not distilled from novelties. There is no mistaking the sensational utterances of a long-haired freak, fed on Carnegie crumbs, for the settled truth. The solemn formulae of the centuries are not bartered for the ravings of a wild-eyed egotist.

A Catholic education is a real bulwark against socialism and anarchy. It rests on the indelible God and His inflexible Church. It possesses the safeguards of centuries of experience and study. It stands the test of common sense.

We do not know whether the late Mark Hanna was a college man or not—we rather think he was not, for he had a fund of homely common sense and few theories. It was Mark Hanna who said: "The future of our country lies in the hands of the Catholic Church; there is the bulwark against the rising tide of socialism and anarchy."

Mark Hanna was right; Chief Justice White is right. The bulwark against socialism and anarchy is found in the conservative principles and spirit of Catholic teaching. Anarchy begins where authority is rejected.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

It was significant that 800 girls arrived in Boston every year, mostly from Great Britain." In one year this "soul destroying creed" obtains 3,500 converts from two of the most Protestant, and, therefore, in the estimation of Archbishop Madden and his friends, two of the most moral and Christian nations in the world. And the combination of all the other nations of the earth supplies in the same period only 1,500 converts.

Why should the campaign of this "soul destroying creed" be so successful in nations which ought, because of their Protestantism, to be veritable holies of holies of Christianity and morality? Why should the Mormon missionaries find their recruits, as Mr. Bartlett tells us they do find them, an "uncommon" of the Church of England? Why do not "the polygamists" according to Mr. Bartlett, draw thousands of converts to Mormonism from the Catholic nations of Europe?

DO NOT PURSUE THEIR CAMPAIGN IN CATHOLIC NATIONS—WHY?

It may be said that the Mormons do not pursue their campaign in the Catholic nations of Europe. But, why do they not? Why are their missionary efforts confined to the "Christian and moral" Protestant nations? Utah, while the dignitaries of the Anglican Church in Liverpool and many of the Nonconformists of the city find it necessary to fight tooth and nail against Mormonism, why have the Catholic authorities no necessity for a similar campaign? While Mr. Bartlett has to complain of the attraction which the "polygamists" of the Church of England, why do Catholics find themselves without the need for similar complaints?

In Liverpool, the Mormons distribute their proselyting literature and insidious literature broadcast from house to house without stopping to consider the religion, or want of religion of the inhabitants. Why does the difficulty, according to the recipient is a Catholic or a Protestant?

These are simple questions, which any Catholic school teacher should be able to answer. But it would be very interesting to have them answered by Bishop Chavasse, or Archbishop Madden, or any of the Anglican or Nonconformist leaders of the fight against Mormonism.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

have their children excused from their public school rooms for a portion of each day that religious instructions may be imparted to them in either rooms or buildings apart from the school houses.

Bishop Brent, a delegate from Manila, P. I., in discussing the methods which should be used to establish these schools, did not hesitate to utter an expression which in the old days would have pilloried him with the dangerous "un-American Papists." "State education is a menace to the Church of Christ," he affirmed, "unless it be supplemented with religious education. Mayhap the atmosphere of his chosen missionary field has temperamentally favored Bishop Brent, as it has undoubtedly worked to the advantage of the children of his brother missionary, Bishop Knight, who attended the convention as delegate from Havana, Cuba. This latter warmly condemned the writer's suggestion, and declared the essential factor of religious training, and said "that until parochial schools are established for the Protestant Episcopal church, and its children under the same conditions, it will continue to live amid surroundings not at all conducive to their religious well-being."

Not are the Episcopalians alone in their onward progress towards the "Protestant nations." The New-Church Messenger in Chicago, contained recently an eminently fair plea for religious training in schools. The article asserts that the question is forcing itself with daily growing strength upon the attention of thoughtful men. "There is not amongst us, thus far," says the writer, "any considerable impediment to the living of the religious life in the Continental Europe, to religious education." An optimistic view, no doubt, and one which, if well founded, would make easy the acceptance of the plan of Great Britain, for many years schools belonging to several religious bodies have received grants of money based on that of the children of the government inspection and examination.

* * * That is, the State paid those schools for services rendered when they fully deserved recognition and payment. There is no reason why Jewish or Catholic schools here should not receive similar payment as it is, the Catholic and others pay twice over, first in the support of their own parish schools, and the support of the public schools which they do not use. If this measure of fairness is realized, there is likely to be less strain between Catholics and Protestants generally.

The New-Church Messenger article touches the economic side of our subject, a phrase of the question that has aroused among Catholics in the United States a feeling of deepest bitterness of feeling though they have loyally borne the double burden which their strong stand for religious instruction in schools imposes upon them. Patience is a word of exhortation their bishops have urged in the years of their long struggle, wiser counsels will surely come to prevail, and with a recognition of the highest and best principle of our order. The great need of the age is lay social action.

This has been the theme of the Holy Father ever since his accession to the papacy, and the highest principle of the Catholic world the wisdom of the movement and the efficacy of this action are well known.

Not the least among the different societies of the Catholic world who second the efforts of Pius X. is the K. of C. Above all and before all things else, you are a Catholic organization, and the highest and best principle on which you act is obedience to the Holy See. It is owing to the intense respect, loyalty and devotion to Mother Church and her clergy that the society has prospered and the special blessing of the present Sovereign Pontiff.

The time is at hand when you will be called upon in Ontario to transmute into reality the principles which you hold so dear. I am confident that as one man from north, south, east, west, we will take our place in giving to the Catholic world the strongest proof of our loyalty to our Mother Church and to the principles of a work to benefit the Catholic people of Ontario.

I am indeed grateful to the Holy Father for the honor conferred on me, and pleased that within the short space of one year His Lordship the Bishop of this diocese has shown such confidence in me. I do not take much credit to myself for what has been done by me during the past twenty-four years. It has been my good fortune to have been placed in parishes where the people were more than kind. I cherish fond memories of my former places, and for the past twelve years in the Cathedral parish my life has been a happy one, thanks to the good will and co-operation of the people of the city of London. I thank the people of the city and the members of this address and value it more for the spirit and friendliness that bids me work on with the assurance of your continued help in all needs of the parish.

KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS
PRESENTATION TO MGR. AYLWARD

On Friday evening last the Knights of Columbus of London gathered in full force in their hall and after the customary proceedings a delegation was sent to request the presence of Mgr. Aylward at the meeting. It was a pleasant surprise for the good Rector of the Cathedral. The Knights of Columbus, recognizing his splendid qualities as a priest and realizing that he had done much to promote the growth of the Knights of Columbus in London, presented him with a purse of gold containing \$210. The following address was read by Mr. Claude Brown, Grand Knight, and the presentation was made by Mr. J. J. Callaghan.

London, February 17, 1911

The Right Reverend Monsignor John T. Aylward:

Right Reverend Monsignor.—London Council No. 1410 of the Knights of Columbus are pleased to have the opportunity to congratulate you, your Chaplain, on His Holiness Pius X., recognition of your untiring energy and zeal in the cause of our Holy Mother Church, and the presentation was made by Mr. J. J. Callaghan.

Such an honor, coming after almost a quarter of a century's service in our diocese, more than half of which has been in our Cathedral, makes it doubly appreciated by us.

Our Bishop has appreciated your successful endeavors for the welfare of our parishioners and the greater administration duties connected with the Cathedral by endorsing the honors conferred upon you by the Vatican. We laymen coming in daily contact with you over such an extended period, only in our humble manner, attempt to convey some slight appreciation.

That God may guide you and spare you health and long life to continue His grand work in our midst will ever be the constant prayer and wish of your Brother Knights of London Council.

Fraternally yours in Faith,
CLAUDE BROWN, Grand Knight.
J. JOE, M. DOLY, Financial Secretary.

Mgr. Aylward made a touching and eloquent reply as follows: "I feel honored and gratified to receive from you, worthy Grand Knight and Brothers of London Council.

Your words of congratulation to me in this address I take as the expression of your sentiments of loyalty and devotion to the Holy Father who has been pleased to honor your chaplain with the title of Domestic Prelate. This act of our highest and best principle of our order. The great need of the age is lay social action.

This has been the theme of the Holy Father ever since his accession to the papacy, and the highest principle of the Catholic world the wisdom of the movement and the efficacy of this action are well known.

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HOLY NAME SOCIETY OF THE OLDEST COLONY

The Holy Name Society of St. John's, Nid., held their annual triduum on the eleventh, twelfth and thirteenth of January, in the chapel of our Lady of Good Counsel. Overlooking congregations listened to the lecturers, Rev. Father Sheehan, Chaplain of the Cathedral branch of the society, Father Power and Monsgr. Roche, V. G., Administrator of the Diocese, Benedictine of the Blessed Sacrament, were afterwards given by the Chaplain. The music was rendered by the choirmaster, Mr. E. J. Rowlin. The "O Salutaris" was rendered in a fine rendition by the choir of the society, Mr. J. Hanlon, and the "Tantum Ergo" by the society's choir, while the hymn "Jesus, the Very Thought" was sung by the choir.

On Sunday, the feast of the Holy Name, the two branches attended Holy Communion in their respective Churches in large numbers.

In the afternoon the cathedral branch, the number of over five hundred, headed by the marshal and officers, paraded to St. Patrick's Church. At the Church they were met by Mr. J. J. Pippy, chaplain, and Mr. John Harrou, president of St. Patrick's Branch.

They then had the pleasure of hearing a very interesting discourse from His Grace, Archbishop Howley, on the text, "Hallowed be Thy Name." His Grace dwelt on a fact, that although twice, and many times often every day, yet when off our knees, we forget ourselves so much as to cast odium on the Name of Names. The preacher pointed out that one of the best means for combatting these evils was by taking chosen words engraved on the members to "light the good fight" and remain steadfast in the battle against blasphemy. Benediction was afterwards given by His Grace, and the members of the cathedral branch returned to St. Patrick's branches respectively. After Benediction the members of the cathedral branch reformed ranks and marched back to their rooms.

On the next Sunday the annual meeting of the cathedral branch was held in the cathedral. The reports of the secretary and treasurer were read and showed the society to be in a healthy condition, both numerically and financially. The society has now a membership roll of over five hundred, and has a larger roll than any other society in the colony. The report of the treasurer showed a large balance to the credit of the society. The officers were unanimously re-elected.

The St. Patrick's branch, although only in its infancy, being but eighteen months old, is already becoming a great source of good in the community. The members are thoroughly impregnated with that spirit which bids them, "Restore all things in Christ."

The society received a great impetus during the year when nearly all the members of three city parishes were received into it. All of these boys are between the age of twelve and seventeen, when the habit of profanity and blasphemy is easily picked up.

It is truly edifying to see so many men and boys banding together to fight one of the greatest evils of the present day, and one of the best friends of the Holy Name Society. It is a noble thing in praising God's Name in these times, when not only is that Name scorned and derided, but actually denied altogether. It is plain that the Holy Name Society will soon become one of the strongest forces for good in our Island home.

JOHN L. DEE
St. John's, N. F., Feb. 9, 1911.

CATHOLIC NOTES

A part of the famous Tara's Hill has been sold at auction in Dublin for \$23,500.

In Baltimore the Sisters of the Good Shepherd are erecting a large building for poor, wayward colored girls.

The foundation of a church to be built as a monument of the Eucharistic Congress of London, 1908, has been laid in the garden of the Blessed Thomas Moro's old house, at Chelsea, England.

The Etolie Belge says the painting of the Virgin and Infant Christ, attributed to Quentin Matsys, has been stolen from a house in Antwerp. It is valued at \$20,000.

Rev. Gerald William Maude, formerly Anglican curate of All Saints, Brankensome, and of Christ Church, Doncaster, has been received into the Catholic Church at the Oratory Edgworth, Birmingham.

Father Theodor Valero, the Catholic priest who administered the last sacraments of the Church to Emperor Maximilian just before his execution at Caracaso, died suddenly to-day in the San Francisco Cathedral in San Luis Potosi.

The whole Catholic world will hear with pleasure that the Holy Father has given orders for the erection of a magnificent theological seminary at Assisi, the birthplace of St. Francis and his order, as also his death place.

Discovering Raoul Vaseur, twenty-six years old, in the act of robbing the safe of the St. Alphonse church in New Orleans, Father John fired a bullet into the floor to halt the thief. The priest held Vaseur until the police arrived.

The gifted wife of Dr. Godfrey Raupers, whose books against "Spiritism" and against "Freemasonry" have done much good work for God and the Church has joined her husband. Their son is a Jesuit, but the woman held out for some time against becoming a Catholic.

A marble bust of Thomas Moore, the great Irish poet, will be placed in the Corcoran Gallery of Art, Washington, on May 28, the 125th anniversary of his birth. Announcement to this effect was made at a recent meeting of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, of Washington, D. C.

According to the latest census there are one hundred and eighty-six Protestant denominations in the United States, and acts are on the increase, in spite of all the talk of unity. There are sixteen kinds of Baptists, thirty-four of Lutherans, fifteen of Methodists, and twelve of Presbyterians.

Rev. Fr. James A. Rockcliffe, S. J., has been appointed Provincial of the Society of Jesus for the California Province, which embraces the dioceses of San Francisco, San Jose, and the Pacific Coast. Father Rockcliffe succeeds the late Rev. Herman J. Goller, S. J., who died rather suddenly a few weeks ago.

The diocese of Antigonish, Nova Scotia, Canada, is said to contain more Catholics than does the whole of Scotland. There are 80,000 Catholics, numbering more than half the entire population, and of these 45,000 are Gaelic-speaking descendants of people evicted from Scottish Highlands.

At the examinations by the National Union of Professors at London, Rev. Father Frederic Cross, of the diocese of Caracaso, obtained the silver medal, the highest prize decreed to the originator showing evidence of the most profound knowledge of the English language. It was the first time this prize was ever awarded.

The Italian clergy and laity in the Brooklyn diocese have presented to Bishop McDonnell a marble bust of himself, executed by Ettore Ximenes, the Italian sculptor. Eloquent resolutions, expressing appreciation of Bishop McDonnell's devotion to the welfare of the Italians in Brooklyn, accompanied the gift.

The will of Mrs. Agnes Barnum, probated in Clayton, St. Louis, on Feb. 15th, bequeathed \$100,000 to Archbishop J. J. Glennon, white Catholic charities and relatives are remembered in considerable sums. Mrs. Barnum who died Feb. 2nd, was the wife of Thomas J. Barnum, who amassed a fortune in operating stage coaches in the West.

A special cable despatch to the New York Sun states that the Pope deeply deplores the death of Archbishop Ryan of Philadelphia. He said he was one of the best Archbishops in the United States and his death was a loss to the whole Church. He requested Cardinal Merry del Val, Papal Secretary of State, to cable his condolences.

Right Rev. Thomas Bonann, Bishop of Lincoln, Nebraska, died at his episcopal residence Saturday, Feb. 4. Bishop Bonann was consecrated to the Lincoln see on November 30, 1887. He was a native of Ireland, where he was born near Thurles, County Tipperary, on January 20, 1817. Though born in Ireland, his parents were German.

A magnificent mosaic of Blessed Joan of Arc has recently been finished in Westminster Cathedral, with the exception of the marble work. The whole is the result of a suggestion of the Bishop of Orléans to the Catholic Women's League that the women and children of England should honor the Maid of Orléans in the center of Catholicity in Great Britain.

Rev. Mathias Hannon, who recently died at the age of eighty-two years, was one of the pioneer priests of the West, having labored during the past fifty years in various parts of Iowa and Wisconsin. Father Hannon was the first priest to celebrate Mass in Fort Dodge, Ia., and in 1860, while living in Garywood, he had the distinction of being the only resident of the town who voted for Lincoln. President Lincoln subsequently appointed him postmaster of Garywood, a position which he filled to the satisfaction of his fellow townsmen.

THE BULWARK AGAINST SOCIALISM AND ANARCHY

Recently Chief Justice White, addressing the graduates of Georgetown College at their annual dinner, declared that they and their fellow college students were the chief bulwark against socialism and anarchy. It was a sly reference of the learned Chief Justice and delphic enough. Much depends upon how you understand the Chief Justice.

It is by no means certain that a college education is a bulwark against socialism and anarchy. Education, as the secularism of the day demands it, rather leads to these twin disorders. The education which the world advocates and seeks to-day is an infidel education and an infidel education is the direct path to socialism and anarchy.

The great fact in all order is God. Take God away and ultimate anarchy is inevitable. Religion is the due acknowledgment of God by belief and conduct; open to all the nasty vagaries of extreme socialism and finally anarchy.

We should say that the dominant note in society outside of the Catholic Church is confusion.

The realm of ideas with consequent confusion in the domain of reality. There is confusion in the mind and heart of men; there is confusion in his conduct and life.

When once authority was rejected, this unhappy confusion was bound to come. When men refused obedience to the authority of their own minds, they were tossed about by wind of doctrine. There was no anchorage to tie to; the result was a constant drifting in belief and opinion—a constant change that introduced the sad confusion we see around us.

How pitiable is the confusion of faith and morals which confronts us to-day! There is no pathway of religious or moral yaggy into which man has not drifted. There are hundreds of religions, fantastic and strange, and new ones born almost every day. Each man is his own moral law to himself. His morality takes its coloring from whatever angle of mind he chooses for the moment to gaze from. The very foundations of society are rocking; the ancient and safe morality is becoming an evanescent dream.

And all this confusion, by the way, has come in through Protestantism—the great disturber of history, stirring up the waters so that men may no longer see their pure and sweet.

The outcome of this confusion is infidelity—the absolute rejection of God—socialism of the most extreme type—the delimitation of humanity through a thousand processes and finally religious and social anarchy. God torn from His throne, the authority of His Church scorned and rejected, men groping and wandering and stewing in their iniquity, ruin and anarchy.

This general confusion and consequent infidelity is nowhere more apparent than in education. The universities are the nurseries of facts and fanciful opinions and often ridiculous opinions and views. They brush aside the sanctities of age and received usage and welcome every novelty, no matter how absurd or dangerous. And this they call "freedom of thought." The world has too long been old fogey; the modern professor is wide awake; he listens to the voices and interprets them to his pupils.

WHERE DOES MORMONISM SECURE ITS RECRUITS

In Liverpool (England) the Mormons have recently been carrying on missionary work with vigor and apparently with considerable success. Wherein is what? Years back Catholic Americans were a destructive leaven in the national life; to-day their persistent efforts to proselyte religious instruction in school stamped the Catholic as a schismatic and a heretic when the building of church schools to safeguard the faith of God's little ones was openly proclaimed to be a dangerous attempt to introduce into the country religious dominion to the ruin of its free institutions.

Nowonder there ran through that warm-hearted talk of the prelate to his people a note of triumph and victory! Fifty years back Catholic Americans were a destructive leaven in the national life; to-day their persistent efforts to proselyte religious instruction in school stamped the Catholic as a schismatic and a heretic when the building of church schools to safeguard the faith of God's little ones was openly proclaimed to be a dangerous attempt to introduce into the country religious dominion to the ruin of its free institutions.

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THE BLINDNESS OF DR. GRAY

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CHAPTER XLVIII AN AFFAIR

During the terrible tragedy, the old woman sat back amongst the benches behind the dock. Her face was nearly covered by the hood of the black cloak that she had worn since her marriage. Her white cap frilled and ironed, shone beneath it; but her face was shrouded as if with the shame and pain of the ordeal through which she was passing. She was rolling her beads through her fingers during the trial; and seemed, in her communion with God, to be oblivious of all around her. But when the final crisis was approaching, she raised her head, and looked over and against anxious eyes toward the dock of the court. But her heart fell, when the crowd seemed to thicken, as the trial progressed, and no messenger from God appeared, to sustain her hopes, or reassure her faith. Yet these hopes smouldered on, until the final appeal, absolute and convincing, was made; and the judge, with all the solemnity of his high office increased by the gravity of the case, proceeded to recapitulate and sift the evidence before him.

He commenced at once by laying down the law about circumstances attending the murder, and the remarks of the prosecuting counsel, that in very few cases was a murderer caught red-handed in his guilt, and that justice would be completely frustrated, if convictions could not be obtained on circumstantial evidence. That evidence, however, should be of a nature that would make guilt a moral certainty, and not a deduction from facts and motives converging toward a final issue. If this chain of facts and motives lacked one link, the presumption should be in the prisoner's favor. If the chain were complete, it was equivalent to direct evidence, and the presumption of guilt became a certainty. It was for the jury to consider and weigh the evidence in the present case, with a view of determining whether, in their judgment, he alleged conversations and facts tended to produce not only a prima facie case against the prisoner, but also an absolute conviction that this brutal murder, by which an innocent man lost his life in a violent and savage manner, was perpetrated by the guilty man in the dock, and by no one else.

He then went into the evidence, word by word, and fact by fact, referring to his notes, which he had carefully taken down. On the question of motive and the repeated declarations of the prisoner that he would seek to be revenged on the murdered man, there appeared to be no room for controversy. The evidence of the gypsies were discredited, there was still supplementary evidence that the prisoner did threaten violence, or rather a violent death, against the murdered man repeated in a variety of ways, and again as to the ownership of the pike, the instrument of the murder was unassailable. But there were two points that needed clearing up. The first was the strange expressions used by the prisoner to the Sergeant of Police who arrested him, and in which he seemed to have expected the death of the parish priest, and not of Kerins; and the evidence of the barmaid that he could not have left the public-house before half-past six on the night of the murder; and the evidence of the police that it was about seven o'clock when the intimations of the tragedy reached them. It was for the jury to determine whether it was possible for the prisoner to cover four miles of ground and perpetrate an atrocious crime within that interval; or whether they would accept the theory of the crown that the murder was committed much nearer the public-house, and the body driven towards the town with a view of screening the murderer. It was most unfortunate, the judge added, that the evidence was so divided, and that to show the whereabouts of the prisoner that night; but the jury would now have to determine whether these varied circumstances brought them to the conclusion that the evidence was such that could be laid on the consciences of men; and he conjured them to bring to their consideration of the case an unbiased and unprejudiced judgment, not leaning to either side, and bringing in their verdict, fearless of any consequences but the violation of their solemn oaths.

Here the jury retired, and the judge also retired. It was noticed that he did so, he leaned down, and seemed to be searching for something or placing something near his hand; and the witness ran around the court. "He's looking for the black cap!" But all public interest was now more keenly aroused, when the prisoner's mother, suddenly standing up in her place in the court, and flinging back the quilted hood of her black cloak, shouted passionately as she stretched her right-hand toward the dock: "Make way, there, make way there, I say, for the minister of God, who is come to save my child!" She stood rigid as a statue, her right hand extended toward the dock, where now was distinctly seen above the hood of the multitude the pale face darkened by the deep-blue spectacles of Dr. William Gray. He was pushing his way slowly through the dense mass of people, who surged around him and helped to block his way in their own excitement. The judge paused, and sat down. The crowd yelled: "Why didn't you come from the altar your niece for eloping with young Wycherly, when you never spared any poor girl before? These might not have been his exact words, but they were the equivalent."

"Very good. And then?" "Then I am sorry to say that I lost temper and caught hold of him violently by the neckcloth, and pushed him against the wall, or the door of the opposite room. In an agony of rage, or perhaps to defend himself, he struck me with his left-hand full on the forehead, breaking my glasses. These are the marks." And he raised his blue spectacles to show the faint scars where the steel of the broken one had penetrated. "There was some sensation in court here, and the old woman muttered aloud: "The blagard! Hanging is too good for him now!" "I was hanging him around and round the hall," continued the priest, "and finally flung him out through the open door, where he lay face down on the gravel. I locked and bolted the door, and gave the matter no further heed. It was only when I was retiring to rest at 10 o'clock, that I heard him raise himself from the gravel before the hall-door, and away."

"Can you state exactly the hour when all this occurred?" asked counsel. "Yes! The clock on my mantelpiece was just chime seven, when I returned to my room."

"Is your clock correct?" asked the judge. "Absolutely," said the priest. "Did you read the dial; for perhaps it might occur that the hours are not struck according to the figures?" "No! I'm blind," said the mortal adversary, and a murmur of sympathy seemed to run through the court. "But there can be no doubt of the hour. The clock is absolutely correct."

"And presuming that that is so, what is the exact distance between the presbytery and the public house?" "A little over two miles," he said. "And would it be humanly possible for a man to traverse the road to M—, a distance of four miles, commit a murder with all its ghastly details, return to the Cross, and walk two miles towards your house at the space of less than half an hour?" "That question answer itself," said the priest. "He was then cross-examined. He was no longer parish priest of Donovarragh and the other unnameable places?" "No! I'm retired."

"And you came here to-day to do a good turn for your old friends?" "I came to testify the truth. Duggan was my worst enemy."

"And a thoroughly and essentially bad character, I presume?" "No! He is hot-headed and turbulent, especially in drink; and he is a loudboaster. But he is incapable of committing a great crime."

"I don't don't you think it very unlikely that in the state of high excitement in which you were after your alleged rendezvous with the prisoner, you would commit the crime of murder?" "Then why did you swear the clock was chiming seven?" "Because the clock had struck six, quarter after, half-past six, the three-quarters, and I knew I was in the hall only a few minutes."

"I see. And you also alleged that the prisoner remained in your grave walk for some hours?" "You think that incredible; or were you not deceived?" "Not in the least. He was more than half-drunken, turning toward the jury, with much violence. No one else could be in the vicinity at such an hour."

"I have no more to ask," said counsel. "It is for Your Lordship to say to the jury that they are to accept such evidence against the overwhelming case against the prisoner."

"One question more," said the judge. "You were asked to explain the strange language used by the prisoner when arrested, when he expressed his horror on supposing that his parish priest had been murdered, and his subsequent unconcern when he found it was Kerins. When he said: 'Is he dead? I suppose I'll swing for it,' it was clearly under the conviction that the blow which he had struck in the hall of the presbytery had had fatal consequences. And when he said subsequently: 'Kerins? Is that all?' he may have expressed his sense of relief that the death of his priest was not upon his soul. Of course, it is for you to determine the value you place on the reverend gentleman's testimony, which, as you have perceived, involved serious personal to himself, which must have been very humiliating. You will also notice the trouble and inconvenience to which an old, infirm, and blind clergyman has put himself voluntarily in order to save the life of one who was persistently and cruelly hostile to him. Yet, sympathy with such heroism must not blind you to the other facts which are put into evidence by the Crown. The admission that the weapon that caused death was the property of the prisoner, and seen last in his possession by his own father, tells terribly against him."

"I don't know," said the judge, "but the evidence of the reverend gentleman puts this case in a different aspect. It supplies the information, suitably withheld by the prisoner, as to his movements after leaving the public-house. It also goes far towards explaining the nature of the blood-stains which the prisoner was striving to wash away when arrested in the street."

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Agents: Luke King, P.J. Neve, E.J. Broderick, M.J. Nagarty and Miss Sara Hanley are fully authorized to receive subscriptions and to transact all other business for the Catholic Record.

Letters of Recommendation. Apostolic Delegation, Ottawa, June 13th, 1905.

Mr. Thomas Coffey

Dear Sir:—Since coming to Canada I have been a reader of your paper. I have followed it with interest and with intelligence and ability, and above all, that it is imbued with a strong Catholic spirit.

Mr. Thomas Coffey
Dear Sir:—For some time past I have read your paper, the Catholic Record, and congratulate you upon the manner in which it is published.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 4, 1911

OUR NEW STORY

We are glad to be able to state that, having made arrangements with the publishing house of Longmans Green and Co., we will be enabled next week to commence the publication of another story entitled "Lisheen," the author of which is that brilliant Irish writer, Rev. Dr. Sheehan.

SIR THOMAS MORE

As supplementary to our historical review of Henry VIII's supremacy we pass a few remarks upon that great chancellor and martyr, Sir Thomas More. Our primary reason for this is a remark made by Mr. Phillips concerning the real reason of More's alleged "treason."

AN ANGLICAN PROTEST

However Catholic Anglicans would wish themselves to be considered they cannot get over the force of habit. They protest as instinctively as the dog that bays the moon. Let Rome do or say anything a protest is forthcoming from the Church which is more Catholic than the Pope.

THE OATH AGAINST MODERNISM

As is well known, the Holy Father, in order to stamp out Modernism, required from every priest an oath against this latest heresy. It was administered by the ordinaries or their delegates and subscribed to by the vast world of priests.

The Chancellor induced Henry to accept his resignation upon the plea that his health could not support the burden of his office. Henry was secretly married to Anne Boleyn in Jan. 1533 and her coronation fixed for June the first. The King reckoned upon Sir Thomas being present at the ceremony.

QUEBEC AND ONTARIO

When comparisons are made on the west side of the Ottawa river between the Provinces of Quebec and Ontario, the favor is too frequently given to the latter. An exception was lately made by the secretary of the Quebec branch of the Dominion Alliance upon the important matter of temperance.

AN ANGLICAN COMMISSION

The Church of Continuity, the Branch Church, or in plain language the English Church, has betaken itself to quite a new field. It is no question of papal supremacy or priestly vestments or what there should be four candles or six. The Convocation of Canterbury has entered upon a task which surprises poor ordinary mortals and which ought to deter even the boldest.

A NATIONAL LIBRARY

In the February number of the University Magazine we notice a strong plea for a national library. It is from the pen of Mr. Lawrence J. Burpee, Librarian of the Carnegie Library at Ottawa.

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SINCE HAVING had our attention drawn to the book again, we have read it through from cover to cover only to find our first impressions deepened and intensified. It is conceivable that the matter of the book might, in official quarters, or to students of sociology, serve some useful purpose. But to enshrine in popular verse an apotheosis of the unclean—and this we consider "Songs of a Sourdough" to be—is surely a questionable title to either literary immortality or the passing plaudits of the multitude. The book, in our judgment, reeks from beginning to end with the abnormal and the depraved. Its heroes and heroines are the very offshoots of civilization—the broken-down debauchee and the bedraggled courtesan—and its burden the blasphemous and obscenities of the mining town dance hall. That such a book should be admitted knowingly to the inner sanctuary of the home or put within reach of the young and innocent is, we should have said, unthinkable. Yet, we are told, it may be found upon the parlor or living-room table of many a Canadian home. If this is surprising how much more so to find that the edition before us bears the imprint of the Methodist Book Room Rev. William Briggs. This fact alone has, we presume, been the book's passport to many family circles. That because a book has within it the elements of commercial success, other considerations are, in that quarter, thereby overlaid, seems a reasonable inference.

A CORRESPONDENT calls our attention to a dispatch which appeared in the daily papers a few weeks ago to the effect that on a recent occasion the State Chaplain of Kansas invited the Senators to join with him in the recitation of the Lord's Prayer only eight were able to respond. A little later, we were told, (the Chaplain in the interval having distributed among the legislators copies of the Book of Common Prayer), fully half of the Senators were able to respond to the Chaplain's renewed invitation to pray. What inference, we are asked, is to be drawn from this incident? One, at least, is obvious. It is that though the majority of these pious lawmakers are no doubt attached to one or other of the sects that flourish like the corn in those South Western States, and, in that capacity contribute of their wealth to the propagation of Protestant liberty and enlightenment among the heathen and—let us add—in Catholic lands, their own spiritual condition is a horse of another color, into which, as we are sometimes reminded, it would be impertinence to enquire. Their religion, so far as they may be said to have any, is usually summed up in hatred of the Pope and the chase after the almighty dollar. And it would not be at all surprising if the Kansas incident could be duplicated in some deliberative bodies in Canada—school boards for example. The story told of a former leading member of the Toronto Public School Board, though somewhat venerable, rather pointedly indicates an atmosphere not dissimilar to the Kansas assembly. The proposal to adopt for use in the schools the books of scriptural readings, known to fame as the "Ross Bible," was met by this zealous educator with the excited exclamation: "We don't want no book of extracts; we want the whole d—n Bible." He and the Kansas statesmen have much in common.

ANOTHER CORRESPONDENT who has been reading "Westward Ho!" which, he says, had been recommended to him by "a very nice English lady," puts a number of queries to us in regard to it. We proceed to answer them as concisely as possible. Charles Kingsley was a clergyman of the Church of England of pronounced evangelical, or Low Church proclivities, and with a scarcely less pronounced antipathy to the Catholic Church. He wrote a number of popular novels, which were made the vehicle of his spleen in this latter respect. The best known are "Hereward the Wake," "Westward Ho!" and "Hypatia," the latter being a violent assault upon the memory of a canonized servant of God, St. Cyril, Bishop of Alexandria, a name revered by Christians of all shades of belief as one of the most eminent of the early Fathers of the Church. In "Hypatia," Saint Cyril is interpreted as a representative of that "ecclesiasticism" which Kingsley did not understand and hated accordingly. As to "Westward Ho!" its animus is apparent to the most casual reader and it is unnecessary, therefore, to enlarge upon it here. It follows that Kingsley was not "a broad-minded man" (a term often misused) though in private life he is said to have been of a kindly and benevolent disposition. Certain it is that, according to his lights, he sought to befriend the poor and downtrodden.

THE GREAT mistake of Kingsley's career was his imputation, in MacMillan's Magazine, of the honesty of the Catholic priesthood, singling out in particular Father (afterwards Cardinal) Newman. Truth for its own sake, he

declared, had never been a virtue with the Roman clergy, and to Newman was imputed the statement that it "used not and, on the whole, ought not to be." The result is one of the outstanding events in English letters of the nineteenth century, for it led to the writing of that most illuminating of autobiographies, the celebrated "Apologia pro Vita Sua," which not only vindicated the author's own career but lifted forever the cloud of ignorance and prejudice which had long overshadowed the priesthood in England. No keener or more transparently honest essay in self-analysis or of the workings of Divine grace in a human soul has ever been given to the world. As for Kingsley, the outcome of this incursion into polemics nearly broke his heart, and, it is said, that for the rest of his life he shunned the public eye. A perhaps



Most Reverend Charles Hugh Gauthier, D.D., Archbishop of Ottawa

still more telling rebuke was the conversion of his daughter, the well-known novelist, "Lucas Malet," to the Catholic faith.

THE NAME correspondent asks: (1) If Queen Elizabeth was the first woman to use a knife and fork? (2) If the greatest thinkers and writers in the world to day are infidels; (3) If the editor of the Orange Sentinel is crazy? We take the last question first and answer that from what we have seen of the Sentinel we should say that "craziness" is the most charitable interpretation that could be put upon its utterances. Certainly it would be difficult to take it seriously. Its character and its affiliations are such as to render desirable exclusion of its name even from any self-respecting Catholic journal. As to the other two questions, it would be a waste of time. As regards the second query, it suffices to mention the names of Pastor, Mendel, Gasquet, Daubeno, Lagrange and Richaby—all Catholic Christians, living or but recently dead, whose contributions to scholarship are not surpassed by those of any group of non-Christians that might be named. The first query as to the mensal accomplishments of Queen Elizabeth we have not been able to verify. Perhaps some reader of the RECORD can furnish the information.

AN INTERESTING passage in Martin Halle's recently published Life of Cardinal Pole (Longmans) is that in which he traces points of resemblance between the last Catholic Archbishop of Canterbury and another great English member of the Sacred College of more recent times—Cardinal Newman. Both were singularly fortunate in the depth and tenacity of their friendships and to both the loss of an old friend was always a deep grief. The two Cardinals resembled each other also in Newman, made him unwilling to take the shortest stroll unaccompanied, and, in Pole, created those friendships with Gasper Contarini and Alvisio Priuli which deserve, says Mr. Halle, to rank among the famous friendships of history. In the same category may be classed the attachment between the Oratorian Cardinal and Ambrose St. John "whom God gave me when He took every one else away." Two further points of resemblance, which Mr. Halle has not mentioned, are that both Cardinals were destined to be hampered by their own ecclesiastical brethren in works which they undertook for God, and that both had profound knowledge of and zeal for

Holy Scripture. To the inspiration and patronage of Cardinal Pole the world is indebted for the Douay version, and it seemed for a time that the world might also owe to Newman a nineteenth-century Revision. He undertook the task joyfully, he tells us, at the instance of the Synod of Ossoli, but, as in the spirit of faith he puts it, "It was God's blessed will that I should be stopped." Some day the full import of that inhibition will become manifest to more than the few.

THE NOTE often expressed in these columns, that Canada might have a share in the great work of carrying the Faith to the heathen nations, bids fair to be realized ere long. In particular, the prospect lying open before our brethren in Quebec is manifest, and signs are not wanting that it begins to be taken ad

Fallon of London; Rev. Canon Rouleau, representing Bishop Biola of Rouleau; Mgr. McCann, representing Archbishop McEvoy of Toronto; Canon Bernard representing Bishop Bernard of St. Helens; and Canon Brown representing Bishop Dowling of Hamilton. No less than two hundred and twenty-six clergymen from all parts of the archdiocese were in attendance and made their oblation and prayer for the new spiritual director, the number including practically every parish priest in the city. Among them were Fathers James Fallon and William Murphy of Ottawa, University, M. J. Whelan, Fitzgerald, Canon Sloan and others.

The ceremonies commenced when Archbishop Gauthier, attended by Canons Campan and Rouleau, made a circuit of the sanctuary, sprinkling the walls with holy water at every point, and the ceiling strings of lights found a common center in a gilded cross while the altar itself was specially lighted. The whole scene, with the brightly shining electric bulbs, the newly glowing sanctuary lamps, the brilliant banners and the no less striking robes worn by the prelates in attendance, was one to attract and hold the eye.

The address from the English clergy of the archdiocese, delivered by Rev. Canon Sloan, was as follows: "We the English-speaking clergy of the Ottawa diocese, in the name of our brethren of the French language in welcoming you, in offering you a fervent 'ead mile falu'."

Our faithful people will bestow on Your Grace the religious sentiments which they have always entertained toward the restorer of higher authority, You shall obtain from them, Monsigneur, a veneration and docility due to the august character with which you are clothed. Your teachings will be listened to with respect and reverence, and followed with fidelity. Full of confidence in your wisdom, in your paternal goodness and your apostolic zeal, we are persuaded your reign will be, for all the works which you shall undertake, the sign of the Saviour and will be, Monsigneur, your glory before men and you merit before God."

ARCHDIOCESE OF OTTAWA
ENTHRONEMENT OF MOST REV. DR. GAUTHIER—BY LARGE GATHERING OF CHURCH DIGNITARIAN AND LAITY
The reception of the new Archbishop of Ottawa, most Rev. Dr. Gauthier, in the Capital city, brought forth a warmth of feeling, widespread and intense which is ever the characteristic of Catholics in their relation to their pastors. We are indebted to the Ottawa Citizen of the 22nd for the following report of the functions connected with the advent in Ottawa of the beloved Archbishop of that city: "Graced by an assemblage of distinguished prelates such as has seldom in Ottawa marked a similar ceremony, the enthronement of Mgr. Charles Hughes Gauthier, formerly Archbishop of Kingston, as the new spiritual head of Ottawa archdiocese, took place last evening. Clothed in the robes of his new office he was seated on his throne, leaving it to receive and reply to four addresses of welcome and veneration one from the French laity of the archdiocese, one from the French clergy and one each from the English speaking clergy and laity. Commencing shortly before 8 o'clock the ceremonies were concluded in less than two hours' time. They were simple in character, comprehending the reading of the papal bulls, the presentation of addresses and the Archbishop's reply; the oblation of the clergy to the Archbishop and benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. They were taken part in by three Archbishops, Mgr. Bruchesi of Montreal; Mgr. McCarthy of Halifax, and Mgr. Howley of Newfoundland, while the Bishops were Mgrs. Edmond of Valleyfield, Larocque of Sherbrooke, O'Connor of Peterboro; Archambault of Joliette; McDonnell of Alexandria; Soutard of Sault Ste. Marie and Bishop

1848 it was erected into a see, and entrusted to the wise guidance of the saintly Bishop Guigue. During twenty-five fruitful years he labored with singular devotion and self-sacrifice founding many educational, charitable and religious institutions which greatly aided in spreading and strengthening our holy faith. These institutions were paternally fostered and extended, and others established through the zeal of his worthy successor—the late Archbishop Dabame of hallowed memory. From our knowledge of Your Grace's noteworthy achievements we look forward with full confidence to a wise and profitable administration and to continued progress in all lines of Catholic effort. It is scarcely needful that we should assure Your Grace that in this work you will have the earnest support and co-operation both of priests who have ever shown themselves able and zealous, and of the laity, who are in full accord with their spiritual leaders."

"I humbly beseeching your blessing, we most earnestly pray that our Heavenly Father may preserve Your Grace's health for many years the guide and comfort of your spiritual children in this archdiocese, and that God's grace, love and peace may rest upon you abundantly."

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Because it is God's work, I am quite undismayed by the magnitude of the task before me. Had I ever trusted in my own strength, I should long since have failed. Were I now to consider only my own insufficiency, I should surrender the episcopate. But not to-day nor yesterday is it clear to me that the spirit of the God-Man Kingdom depends not on the excellency of His instruments, for He it is that chooses them, His is the moving, guiding hand. From among the poor and lowly He chose His apostles. It was not the persecutor, that became the heavenly doctor of nations. And ever yet, not otherwise than in other times, the glory and power of God are manifested in His servants. "I am deeply touched by your affectionate mention of my illustrious predecessor in this metropolitan see. Mgr. Dabame's memory is very dear to me, and while he lasts, must be cherished by me with tenderest feeling. My friend and counsellor during many years, he was my consecrator in the episcopate. 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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN
LENTEN THOUGHT FOR YOUNG MEN

As to our real friends, we must choose them with the greatest care, and consequently we must limit ourselves to a very small number. Let us have no intimate friend who does not love God and whom the pure maxims of religion do not govern in all things; otherwise your friend will be your ruin, however kind his heart may be. Choose for your friends, as much as possible, those who are a few years older than yourself; in this way you will mature more rapidly. Be warm, disinterested, faithful, sincere, and constant in your friendships, but do not ever be blind to the faults and various degrees of merit of your friends; let them find you whenever they have need of you, and never let their misfortunes weaken the warmth of your friendship.—Fennell's Letters.

REMEMBERING

You often hear the expression: "That fellow has hosts of friends; people will do anything for him; how does he manage it?" The answer is easy. He remembers. Had he not remembered the tomy of Insult instead of his fearful tomy on Melanchole, doubtless he would have pointed out that the worst insult one man can give another is to forget him. It is mental assassination. For the same reason the very flower of compliment is to remember one who thinks he has forgotten long ago. It is as if you carried all these years some little keepsake he gave you as a boy.

Years ago I knew slightly an eminent man. He had been Governor of the State. He had a large law business. He was deep in politics. He was one of the busiest men in the city. An old friend of mine celebrated his silver jubilee. There were many gifts, of course, but I recall one particularly from the ex-Governor. It was a fine five beautiful roses. I used to wonder how that man had gained his high position. The roses told the story. In all his varied occupations, sufficient to tire a score of men, he took care not to let that occasion pass without sending his offering. It was one of those who remember.

It is a strange thing that most of the men who have earned enduring fame, whose figures loom up in history like colossi, all had a marvellous memory for names and faces. Cesar never forgot anyone. Napoleon knew his soldiers by name. O'Connell was as much at home in the western counties of Ireland as in the House of Commons. Once he met a man he knew him always. Mr. Blaine, a man whose genius never rested its deers, in a few days had years, yet I doubt much whether any statesman now living is loved by Americans as the Man from Maine. I have heard old men speak with enthusiasm of meeting him in a crowd after twenty years and hearing him call them by name, recounting some episode they had all but forgotten. Go over your records and you will find that the men who have been loved by thousands, the men for whom soldiers have gladly died in battle the men who have built up waste places, like Mr. Hill, were all men who had in their hearts a niche for the lowliest of their friends.

It is not a trick, a knack of recalling past associations. It is something deeper than that. It is the memory. That is the secret of power. Nothing can take its place. Organization, money, eloquence; all have their part in aiding a man to gain eminence, but if one wishes to have large numbers of men to follow him he must get down to the individual. In the last analysis of an election it is the individual who casts the ballot for this man or that, and in ninety-nine chances out of a hundred he votes for the man who knows him and shakes hands when they meet. In the last analysis of a battle the general wins whose soldiers fight like domestic animals. Notwithstanding Napoleon's dictum about the heavy battalions, the smaller army often gains the victory because it is a unit with the chief, and some of the greatest victories bear out the statement.

The brain of a great man is one of the busiest spots in the universe. He is thinking about a dozen things at once, and they must all be well done. He has numberless plans, numberless things to recall, numberless dangers to avoid. He is constantly meeting all sorts of people. His memory is as crowded as a great railroad station. Every moment of his life is precious. Perhaps you know him years ago in a small town. With infinite pains you secure a hearing with his secretary, who rises to put you off. You are amazed at the rush, the wealth, the magnificence of his offices. You make up your mind to give up and go home. He will never recall you. The door opens. The man comes. His eyes light up. He says: "Why Jack, how are you? Are Bill Jones' apples as good as when we stole them together?" The interview passes in a flash. The years roll back. On your way home you think about it. "Why, he remembered me after all these years as if we parted yesterday." Yes, and that is one reason why he is to-day a national figure.

When the good Lord makes a great man He plans him on a large scale, like Adam, in His own image and likeness. Nothing is so humble that the Lord fails to see it. Every man is a distinct personality to God. There is in reality great men a reflection of this cosmic sympathy. Everything makes an impression on them. Monarchs and ditches are both men, recalled for some reason or other. No man can be truly great unless he is a democrat, unless he rates men for themselves, regardless of accidentals.

Ambitious reformers fail because they rate men in masses. The politician considers individuals. The reformer sees an idea. The politician sees a man, and never forgets him. If you wish to succeed in any walk of life, be it as grocery man or as statesman, paste this sentence in your hat, and look at it every morning before you go out: "If you want to win, remember."—The Pilot.

THE ART OF HAVING TIME

The people who work the hardest and accomplish the most are not those who complain of lack of time. Those who constantly put their time to good use do not excuse themselves from duty on the plea of lack of time. The people who

have the most iron in the fire are those most ready to receive and forge another. Goethe, one of the busiest men that ever lived, has said: "Time is endlessly long, and every day is a vessel into which much may be poured, if one will readily fill it up." And again, "One has always time enough if he will improve it well." But we are also to remember what another wise German has said: "To-day is the opportunity for enjoyment and work. Knowest thou where thou wilt be on the morrow?"

THE VIRTUE OF WISHING GOOD TO ALL

Everybody can be a success in the good will business, and it is infinitely better to fail in our vocation and to succeed in this, than to accumulate great wealth, and be a failure in helpfulness, in a kindly, sympathetic attitude toward others. The habit of wishing everybody well, of feeling like giving everybody a Godsend, emboldens, and beautifies the character wonderfully, magnifies our ability, and multiplies our mental power.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

"NO PLACE LIKE HOME"

The Baltimore Sun, a secular publication, sends out the following note of warning to girls who long to leave the tender care of parents and the sanctity of home to "see the world" and mix up in its dangerous pleasures:

"Little girl, you may think your life is dull, and that the rest of the world is enjoying itself in one long round of pleasure. You may think your parents are rather uninteresting people, and that by their rules and restrictions they are just keeping you from having a good time. But there is many a girl who has wandered away out into the world who longs and prays for some sheltered nook where love and peace and quiet happiness dwell. . . . Once you go through that door into the outside world you leave the charmed circle and find yourself in a maze of dangers of which you never dreamed. It is a magic, but seldom opens again to those who have passed through it and try to return. When a girl wanders out into the wide world, she finds a thorn in every rose, a serpent at the bottom of every sparkling glass."

Would that all secular newspapers might follow the example of the Baltimore Sun in warning girls against the dangers and temptations that beset their lives when they step out of home into the sin traps of cities and the allurements of associations that seek the downfall of innocence, comments the Michigan Catholic. Why a girl leaves her happy home, where all is peace and the blessing of heaven rests, to venture into the companionship of strangers, is, to an outsider, a mystery. We know of instances where girls have been induced to leave home by companions of childhood. The roseate view of life which these companions of early days present to the "girl at home" too often is it an attraction that causes parents to grieve over the departure of a daughter from the family circle to go into the danger point of crowded centers of population.

There is no place like home, girls. It is the safest and most happy nook in the world. We would advise those who have a spell of wanderlust to stick by the old spot, to cling to those that are dear to you, even if parents sometimes become critical and corrective. A mother's advice is better than that of strangers; a father's counsel is given for a daughter's own good. Here's to Home Sweet Home, no matter how humble it may be!

A BOY'S KINDNESS

The woman had not been dealt with kindly. She was old, and heavily laden. Her figure was bent by too great toil. She was shabbily dressed and showed wearily at a pushcart, which scantily provided her a meagre living. The cart was heavily laden with wilted vegetables. These vegetables told how long it was for the woman to earn her livelihood.

The street into which the woman turned was a narrow one in a big, bustling city. Lining this narrow street were mammoth tenements, whose house hundreds and hundreds of families. The street was narrow, so narrow and congested that often the sidewalks were too crowded for the passers-by, who were forced to walk in the roadway.

He did not hesitate a moment. He did not look to see if the woman was well dressed. It mattered not to him—she was a woman, and a woman in distress, therefore in need of kindness, did realized the thing to be done, and he did not wait. In an instant his neatly-gloved hand grasped the cart, and a quick jerk brought it to the firm pavement.

"SMILE ON ME"

A sweet story is told of the little three-year-old girl, the pet of the household, who came down a few minutes late to breakfast. She had one foot on the round of her chair, but was not allowed to climb up until her papa had asked the blessing. Then she looked around her and saw the family were offended, and her child's heart was broken.

THE LENTEN SEASON

[From "Seedlings" by the Right Rev. Charles A. Freeman, D.D.]

The Church clothes herself in penitential garb and asks her children to unite with her in considering the passion and death of our Lord and Saviour. To the wilds and solitude of the desert she leads us in spirit, and asks us there to behold our beloved Lord fasting forty days and nights in preparation for His passion and death.

Holy Church would have us enter into our Divine Lord's thoughts and there see revealed His love for every one of us by the atonement life makes in our behalf and the infinite graces He bestows upon us. She bids us realize that as long as we call upon Him to save us by the application, in the holy sacraments, of the infinite merits of His passion, He will bestow our call.

Our Lord's life on earth was indeed a hidden life. For thirty years He lived in the obscurity of Nazareth, and even in His three years' public life, we read of Him more as a preacher in the desert, on the mountain, in the desert, and by the sea. And so He climaxed this spirit of seclusion and retirement by His forty days' preparation for His suffering and death.

Did He not do all this to teach us and get us to imitate Him? He needed no solitude to bind Him to His Father, for He never was separated from Him. He did all this for our example, that we who know and meet the evils and see the dangers of unrestraint might the more readily practise mortification of spirit and make ourselves a Lent from time to time, to seclusion and solitude.

Lent is the time that most favors this. It is a time set apart by the Church for prayer and fasting, for restraint, recollection and piety. The good Catholic conforms; everyone who desires to save his soul repents; and so marked and general is the observance of this season that the outside world cannot but notice it and be influenced by it. It is a time of grace and blessing. So the Church proclaims it, and applying the words of St. Paul, that "the acceptable time, the day of salvation," bids all the faithful to pass the season in a truly holy and self-denying manner.

Let Lent be the call and always make a good Lent. Its days should be full with mortification of every kind; appetites, senses must all be restrained, lest they lead us to ruin. And while we are more in the future than around us, we can look into things unseen; live more in faith and things of the soul than in the idle speculations of the mind and the gross indulgence of the body. Live more in the future than in the present; live more in death than in life. And while we thus will be mortifying the bodily man, the spiritual in us will rise to a purer life and to closer union with God in preparation for the joys of eternity. Let Lent be well passed, and it will be a great means of passing well our whole year afterwards.

INDIAN MOTHER-LOVE

The other day, the Associated Press told an interesting story of two Yankton Indian women who were caught by a blizzard on a homeless Dakota prairie. They left a record of self-sacrifice that would be a fitting theme for epic verse. Seeing that it was impossible to save their two paposes and themselves from the icy blast, they deliberately undressed and covered their little ones with their blankets. The babes were found, warm and well, while by their throbbing bodies lay the two devoted mothers in silence stretched forevermore. The lullabies for their precious gardeners were the first notes of their own requiems.

Was ever love like this? What a superb lesson and mighty rebuke to the selfishness of quasi-Christian mothers! Here were two savage women, far from the so-called refining influence of civilization, and with no one to applaud their desperate valor, with no eye save God's upon them in their lonely retreat, leaving in their death as beautiful a homely upon duty as ever rang from pulpit or altar. The lesson is a mighty one, and a cathedral. The hurricane could freeze their poor hearts, but never, as long as men have hearts to feel and respond to deeds of unqualified heroism, will the words of this history blow away the fragrant lesson that the desolate prairie most eloquently teaches.

It is another example of the loftiest character that ever inspired awe, found among the poor and despised. All the worth of the world is centered in the poor. Doubtless, the day before, our fine cultured states would not look at these poor Indians, save to elbow them from their path, while to-day poetic souls will scratch many a word from their written eulogies that only imperfectly will tell the famous tale of their magnificent bravery, and artists will linger long over their conceptions that had express the simple and sublime story of the two Yankton Indian mothers.

What glorious heroism! What untold and inexpressible beauty of unalike love that rolls up to heaven in a single instant and even the blizzard of its brutality!

No conqueror, returning from victory on his Appian way, could claim more respect than the poor, uneducated Indians, who died that their babes might live and thought not of the fact that they had only a minute to prepare for eternity.

It is another form of prayer, which will doubt but the great God, whose Divine Son died for mankind, provided even by an angel, everything that would make us dying glances of the priceless and unchangeable of the praise and the horrors of the being blast to a land where perpetual summer rippled from the face of the smiling Christ? Would angels be better angels? There is not a son living who will read of these feminine braves that will not be prompted to think more lovingly upon his own poor mother, and all lessons learned by these uneducated and abandoned ones will not be given in vain.

Blessed martyrs to an exalted duty and a glorious consecration, which out of such fantastic tricks in hours of disaster, was not considered by the children of Mother Nature. Without a kindly hand to reach them comfort, could angels be better angels? There is not a son living who will read of these feminine braves that will not be prompted to think more lovingly upon his own poor mother, and all lessons learned by these uneducated and abandoned ones will not be given in vain.

MAGIC BAKING POWDER
COSTS NO MORE THAN THE ORDINARY KINDS... MAKES DELICIOUS HEALTHFUL, WHOLESOME FOOD... CONTAINS NO ALUM... SOLD EVERYWHERE IN ALL SIZES... FULL WEIGHT ONE POUND CANS 25¢

rights and endeavor to acquire them; he should not be timid in answering the false assertions of error. Moreover, when intolerant adversaries make accusations against the Church it is not always a duty to prove the Church right, but rather to make the adversary prove his assertions. In other words, the burden of proof belongs to the accuser, not to the accused. The Catholic who has the courage of his convictions never blanches for his beliefs, never hedges or compromises, but acts as a Catholic always in a manly, straightforward and consistent manner.—The Pilot.

OKLAHOMA'S BISHOP CURED BY A MIRACLE

UNDER SENTENCE OF DEATH PRELATE RECOVERED DURING NOVENA TO OUR LADY OF PROMPT SUCCESS

Right Rev. Theophile Meerschardt, D.D., who assisted at the recent celebration of the feast of Our Lady of Prompt Succor in New Orleans, gives the following account of his cure through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin:

"Fifteen years ago I was under sentence of death. I had paid a visit to Mexico, where I was present at the crowning of the statue of Our Lady of Guadalupe with a number of Archbishops and Bishops from the United States. We stopped at San Antonio for a while, and I came to New Orleans for the coronation of Our Lady of Prompt Succor, on which occasion the jeweled crowns were presented for the statue of Our Lady of Prompt Succor by the people of New Orleans. Bishop Heslin spoke in the chapel, preaching an English sermon on this occasion, whilst I addressed those out in the yard in French.

I returned home after the celebration, and not feeling well and being unable to attend to my many duties, sent for a physician, who hesitated about giving an opinion, but stated that my condition was very serious. After consulting long with a number of physicians, I sent a young priest to ask him to come to me immediately. I made it plain to him that I desired an absolutely frank statement of his opinion in regard to my case, when he told me that in his opinion it would be absolutely useless to take any drugs or medicine, that I was a doomed man, and my case was one of Bright's disease, and was one absolutely incurable. I asked him just how long he thought I had to live, and he said: 'Frankly, Bishop, it is only a question of days, or perhaps a week at the most.'"

"Three other doctors upheld the opinion of the first physician I had consulted and one of them said that if I lived no one need die. While I was ready to go if God willed it, I felt that I had much more work before me that I would like to do, and I resolved to appeal to the great Physician. I went to

the Louisiana Retreat, where I was an object of pity to nurses and Sisters. I resolved to appeal to Our Lady of Prompt Succor, and many novenas were begun for me by my people and the good Sisters. She had only a week, remember—her help if it came at all, must be prompt. I was under sentence to die within a week. A physician at Hotel Dieu said that nothing but a miracle could cure me. The Sisters said: 'Very well, then, we will pray for a miracle to Our Lady of Prompt Succor.'

"On the third day of the novena to Our Lady of Prompt Succor I, who had been under sentence to die within a week, was pronounced cured. That was fifteen years ago, and I have been able to do all the work of my diocese ever since, go on long pastoral visits and attend to every detail of my office."—Catholic Standard and Times.

A CHRISTIAN'S REVENGE

In the year of 1881 the combined armies of Austria and Hungary made a gallant stand against the invading hordes of Turks. They recaptured Pest, besieged Orten, and at Hamsalag defeated the Turkish armies. In this battle a Turkish general was taken prisoner. Shortly before he had pillaged and sacked, robbed and murdered about Hamsalag in a most barbaric manner. Among other cruelties he had prepared was the following:

Peter Szapary, a wealthy nobleman, who had been taken captive, was, at his orders, hatched to a plov as an animal and compelled to labor in the burning sun, though thirty thousand forins (about fifteen thousand dollars) was offered by his wife as a ransom. Count Batthyany now gave the captive general over to Szapary for requital. And Szapary took a noble revenge, saying to the Turk: "You were most cruel to me, and now you are in my power. But to convince you that the Christian is nobler than the Mohammedan, I restore you to life and liberty."

Fearing bloody revenge, the Turk had already taken poison, but he lived long enough to call for a priest and be baptized. The genuine Christian charity of Szapary toward his enemy had filled him with admiration for Christianity and a passionate desire to become a Christian.—Intermountain Catholic.

The Mass-Misser

"In every large city there are numbers of Catholics who are legitimate at Mass, from attendance at Mass," says the Denver Catholic Register. "On any given Sunday the nature of their occupation will furnish a valid reason for their absence. But what is true of that particular Sunday is hardly true of a long succession of Sundays. To remain away from Mass for a long period means more than a task unfulfilled—a duty foregone; it means a weakening of faith—a slackening of the chords that bind us to religion. The average man who attends Mass Sunday after Sunday does not realize how much the strength

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of his faith at the end of a year depends on the fifty-two or more times he has been to Mass during the year. And the man who has not heard Mass for such a period will find, after a little self-analysis, as he contrasts his views held on various religious questions a year ago, and the appetite he then enjoyed for various religious emotions, with his opinions and tastes at the end of the year, that he has traveled far, and not in the right direction. Heroic effort to attend Mass occasionally should therefore be made by those whose occupation normally prevents the observance of the great law of Sunday."

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worry no more about lightning
Lightning cannot harm any building roofed with Preston Shingles. That we guarantee to you when we sell you this perfected metal roofing. And you can be sure, too, that these shingles, galvanized so they pass the exacting British Government test for galvanized sheet metal, are good for the long years of satisfactory roof-service that you have a right to expect.

makes the cheapest good roof
Wood shingles, thinly sawn (not split) from trashy timber, are no longer a good roofing investment. For their life is brief, and their service never roof-worthy. Their furred-up surface collects dust and moisture from the start, and the shingles warp, crack, rot—and LEAK. Preston Shingles, with their heavy smooth gal anizing, are many times as cheap, in the long run, as choicest wood shingles, which are scarce and costly.

why the lock matters so much
We invite you to study every metal shingle made—if you will do so study the Preston. For only so can you clearly see why our improved lock (the device that makes the whole roof storm and wind proof) is far ahead of any other. It matters much to you that the lock shall be also utterly weather-proof—because unless it is so that roof's owner is looked for trouble. There is a free book waiting for you that will tell you a lot about roofing. Why not ask for it? Address

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Branch Office and Factory, Montreal, Que.

ARCHDIOCESE OF OTTAWA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIVE
The allotted span of years but the gospel must continue to be taught.

For several months the church of Ottawa has been in mourning. It wept for the loss of a loved father, of a venerated pastor, of a doctor full of wisdom, of a clever administrator prudent and just who during so many years and in a manner so admirable had presided over its spiritual destinies and whom death so suddenly took away.

Under this scepter, monsigneur, your new clergy comes to day with the sentiments of a profound respect, a sincere submission, and a frank obedience.

An angry word can raise a tempest of wrath; a kind one will act like oil upon a troubled ocean.

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washes everything washable in the home-use it freely. Unlike ordinary soaps it keeps the hands soft and white-never makes them coarse and red.

We will give \$5,000 to anyone who can find adulterants in Sunlight Soap.

A UNIVERSITY SENIOR'S TRIBUTE TO HER CONVENT SCHOOL

St. Joseph's Academy, St. Alban street, Toronto, was the scene of a brilliant function on the evening of the twenty-first anniversary of the birth of Cardinal Newman.

From French Clergy
The address of the French clergy of the archdiocese, presented at the enthronement of Archbishop Gauthier Tuesday evening read as follows:

To His Highness Monsigneur Charles Hugues Gauthier, Archbishop of Ottawa.

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interested in these branches would be gratefully received.

The program that Miss Lawler referred to was "A Little Talk on Catholic Memorials of Oxford," given for the entertainment of the Catholic Women's Club of Toronto.

The money raised by its sale will go towards a poor church and school. The price which has been made as low as possible for an excellent work and so prettily bound, etc., is \$1.50 postpaid.

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Start on their Journey Through Newspaperdom.

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Read what Mr. G. P. Ashbocker, Evan Mills, N. Y., says about it--"Egyptian Liniment has made extraordinary cures for me. One of my horses got badly calked, and everyone said he would have the lockjaw. The wound gathered and broke and there was a great hole between the hair and hoof. I used only Egyptian Liniment and the horse's foot was soon sound and well. It made a permanent cure."

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25 cents at all Druggists. Free Sample on request, Douglas & Co., Napaeue, Ont.

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The Secretary of the University has a general interest in everything, but it may be of interest to you to know that two special teachers have been assigned to my charge--the Faculty of Education and the Faculty of Arts. I had other studies that required a great deal of time.

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For Lent
Rev. Father Freeman, Chippewa Falls Wis., has published an excellent book, entitled, "Promises of the Sacred Heart." It contains 120 pages, is beautifully illustrated with colored plates. It is suitable for Lent, June, wedding, etc. or First Communion gift. Every lover of the Sacred Heart will find this book a treasure.

The money raised by its sale will go towards a poor church and school. The price which has been made as low as possible for an excellent work and so prettily bound, etc., is \$1.50 postpaid.

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The 1900 GRAVITY WASHER cuts out labor and saves money. Does a big family's washing in six minutes. The Gravity washer is a truly revolutionary idea. It is a truly revolutionary idea. It is a truly revolutionary idea.

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Don't send our card. Try it first at our expense. If you are not satisfied we will pay the freight. The Gravity washer is a truly revolutionary idea. It is a truly revolutionary idea. It is a truly revolutionary idea.

C. R. C. BACH, Manager, The 1900 Washer Co., 337 Young Street, Toronto, Ont.

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Samarita Cured Him and He Helps Others

A man who has been released from the awful cravings of drink, and whose first thought is to help others, shows the spirit of true brotherhood and philanthropy. Read his letter:

"The 'Kids From Galt' informed the Conductor that they were off on a journey throughout the Dominion, to make the people better acquainted with the merits of 'Galt' Steel Shingles and Sillings and 'Galt' Art Metal Walls and Ceilings.

"The 'Kids From Galt' will make their appearance week by week in this paper--and show, by logic and example, the better way of roofing barns and houses, and of constructing the interior of homes, stores, churches and schools. Watch for the advertisements with The Kids From Galt.

ABSORBINE JR
The standard that positively cures VARICOSE VEINS and other diseases affecting the veins.

There are several grades of goods--read only the best. IMPORTANT--Every article is marked with its retail price, so that a child could understand the sale. All goods unused may be returned to me at my expense. See my Missionary Circular as to amount of profit guaranteed.

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I have full stocks of 100-odd, First Quality Mission Goods and Missions can be supplied promptly on short notice.

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The Home Bank of Canada

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Notice is hereby given that a dividend at the rate of SIX PER CENT per annum has been declared upon the paid-up Capital Stock of The Home Bank of Canada for the three months ending 28th February, 1911, and the same will be payable at the Head Office or any Branches of The Home Bank of Canada on and after the 1st March next.

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By Order of the Board, JAMES MASON, General Manager.

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The money set aside to run the house should be kept in a bank account separate from any other funds--then, at the end of the month you can see where every dollar has gone--and balance the account without trouble.

THE TRADERS BANK OF CANADA
CAPITAL AND SURPLUS, \$6,650,000

MISSION SUPPLIES
I have full stocks of 100-odd, First Quality Mission Goods and Missions can be supplied promptly on short notice.

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London, Saturday, March 4, 1911

SAFEGUARDING THE FAITH
It is vain to proclaim that love and truth if we make no mention of it. Words have little world-tired of utterance, I quicken its blood and arouse it.

When the deeds are evil it smaynaps, at its degeneration, children; when the deeds are good, it is a light and love that are of the world. But many of us are of level of the common-places. I mean those Catholics whose unclean and whose feet are of hell, but the Catholics who are earnestness and enthusiasm faith is all but dead.

der on through the years in their little vanities and scheming for puff and profit find in the eventide how ill they are for the journey across the desert. We are inclined to the foundation of all this is a home. When the home atmosphere with indifference adapted to the cultivation of Catholic spirit. When life's measured not by the standard but by that of time, it will not be influenced to any degree by the world beyond.

In a home dominated by the impressive hearts of children, they grow up as Catholics, but strangers to the beautiful faith, listless when its in-

concerned, and deaf to any voice. We wonder, sometimes, people are parents. For to be more concerned about the souls than their children's responsibilities, so great and have not the most elementary. For instance, how do they the souls of the little ones books. It is said that could read books of instruction. absolutely false, for the yugild, develop a taste for and follow the adventures readily as the adventures here. But the heart of the that parents will not take Catholic reading in the housestead they litter up their Sunday papers and mag-

azines, with the result their chit-chat and actionnaires, with the result dren have never an opportunity to taste for books that fit and fortify them. Instead introduced to the pure and noble, the normal child is at the sordid, the vulgar--that endures for life, many of our men and women that is useless if not soul-stu-"sport items" engross the young men; the young women the magazines and sometimes journey into the land of the lem novel.

THE NEW METHOD
Now-a-days, however, reports in the newspapers, responsibilities are of a vantage nature. What he had days is assumed by the reformer, male or female, to him to the verge. They have theories to which must be fitted. We are with every legitimate means reform, but we think that he directed into modern channels.

GETTING TOGETHER
Friction is oftentimes engendered unwillingness or inability another's point of view. little tin gods are attacked posed to wrath and to a than to an attempt to discuss for the attack. W marching in a rut, we s to med to it as to thwart choose another path. Th fact-sanct, hallowed in o feet of thousands, but to mean inactivity and und conservatism. The only way is to get together. over. And if others of light, they who do so caring naught for either difficulties. All progress row and toil. We may fe, tempted to seek the whatsoever may come on. In this case we will right kind of a death l loves his brethren and

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